

Everybody has shades

by rday30

Category: Fifty Shades Trilogy

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-10 02:12:19

Updated: 2016-04-19 22:39:14

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:51:25

Rating: M

Chapters: 7

Words: 9,156

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Ana and Christian have known each other before and they meet again, Ana with her dark abusive past and thrill of extreme and life threatening sports and Christian's need for control, will their relationship work? Will they get over their shades and be together? AU/OOC More Gail, Sawyer and Taylor in this story. Ana 31 years old, christian, 28 years old.

1. ana?

\*\*I hope you enjoy this story, i re-write it all so please re-read. review ;)\*\*

\*\*sorry about grammar and spelling mistakes, I'm dyslexic so i find it hard to spell correctly. \*\*

\_\*\*Christian point of view\*\*\_

The last year has been the scariest but fulfilling, I have told my parents everything about Elena, I thought they would hate me but they don't; mom was the most hurt, blaming herself because Elena was her friend but I explained that I wanted itâ€| that she made me want it. My dad, Carrick, was a bit disappointed that I follow and became a Dom but then he understoodâ€| he said that he was proudâ€| God I sat and cry like a baby in front of them after that.

Gail, Sawyer, Taylor and I have become closer, I see them as friends now, they helped me so much, they are still my staff, but on the weekends they become family. I have stopped my BDSM relationships, I just couldn'tâ€| not anymore. Elena is gone, well I trying to get rid of her, she keeps ringing but I blocked her number, is not allowed access to my home or GEH and my family have disowned her.

"Christian?" Jason Taylor, my trusted friend and employee asks. I turn towards him, I didn't realize I was lost in my own thoughts "yes?" I ask, he is looking at me questionably, his brown buzz cut

hair and black iron to perfection suit, his blue eyes looking at me sharply, "you spaced out on me" he says, the question hanging in the air "sorry, I was just thinking off the last year and what has happen sinceâ€¦" I trail off, he nods at me, understanding what I mean.

Sitting in the lounge, Gail, Sawyer, Taylor and I all talking with the TV on low volume in the background, my apartment was big and styled, clean white walls with expensive paintings, a sink in lounge, and all open area place. "what a year" Sawyer said sipping his beer watching the TV. The TV was on some stunt show; I wasn't interested but Sawyer loved these types of shows.

"How the company? Anything interesting?" Gail asks looking at me "okay, I am working on a deal with Ros, the Chinese what to sale their company, but what more money than its worth and they won't work with Ros because she is a woman, they're piss me off" I say, getting frustrated just thinking about it. "why? She only a woman, it shouldn't matter to them" Taylor asks not looking at me but at the TV on the wall "something to do with traditions, wait until they find out she is gay" I say laughing, Ros is my second in command, she's my go to woman. Sawyer laughs, "I would pay to be there and see their faces when they find out" he says chuckling, I imagine their faces and laugh with him.

I look up to the flat screen TV on the wall, see in a television reporter trying to talk to a woman with fire red hair in tight black motorbike leathers, she is ignoring him, he tries to get in her face with the microphone, "Steeleâ€¦" she cuts him off pushing the microphone out of her way "piss off" she says still walking. I recognize that voice; she looks straight at the camera her green eyes the brightest he has ever seen. He gasped "Ana?" i say, everyone looks at me "you know her? she is the best driver the world has ever seen, no one can beat her" Sawyer says "Iâ€¦ sheâ€¦ was my best friend when I was younger" I tried to explain, remembering her protecting me "you had friends?" Taylor asks sounding confused "when I was with the crack whore, Ella, she protected meâ€¦" I trails off looking at the screen, "\_she is the best the world has ever seen"\_ the reporter says into the camera "butâ€¦ you never said anything about her before?" Gail asks looking at me and back to the screen. "I did when I was younger, nobody could find herâ€¦ I thought she was dead, she had it the worstâ€¦ always protecting meâ€¦" I stutter where is she? is she okay? what happen to her? i need to know, i look at Taylor "Taylor find her and any information about her" I command, he nodded getting his phone out.

An hour later Taylor get an ping of an email, he looks at his phone and presses a few buttons then starts reading "Anastasia rose Steele, born 14th September 1985 in Detroit, father: unknown, mother: Carla Steele, deceased, no siblings or relatives" he pauses looking at me "Keep going" I say. "no school history, employment: unknown, medical history: unknown, address: 44 filament road, Washington" he finishes I look up at him "that's it?" I asks, he nods "how is that possible?" I asks "I have no idea, but we know where she lives" Taylor says, I get up "okay we're go where she lives" and start walking towards the elevator i look behind me to see everyone sanding behind me "come on then" I say walking the rest of the way to the elevator and pressing the button for it to open the mirror doors, it lights up, I see Sawyer, Taylor and Gail standing behind me, the doors open and we all walk in.

Arriving at her house, I'm amazed, it is a little cottage in the country side, everywhere I look it is all green, flowers all around the house, it looks homey. We get out the car. There is a light on in the cottage so I know she is home, we walk up the door, a light overhead pings on as I knock. I hear someone walking towards the door and unlocking it. It opens revealing a five foot eight woman that I recognized as Ana, her fire red hair falling down in waves to her bum, she is wearing grey sweatpants and a short sleeve black t-shirt, in the overhead light I can see the tattoos of roses and leaves and the different shaped sliver scars on her arms, she has no shoes on and you can see the small sliver scars there as well, she is looking at us questionably. "yes, can i help you?" she asks looking at Sawyer to Gail then Taylor then finally me, I stuck in a breath sharply, "Ana?" I ask she looks at me "how do you know my name?" she asks threatening "it's me Christian?" I say looking at her hoping she remembers me like I did her, she looks closer at me then gasps "Chrissie?" she whispers but it comes out as a whimper

\*\*;) review babes \*\*

## 2. the meeting

\*\*Please excuse the bad grammar and spelling, i'm dyslexic and find it hard to spell. please review\*\* \*\*;)\*\*

\_\*\*Ana point of view\*\*\_

I'm sitting in my rocking chair with a blanket over my legs, the orange glow coming from the lit fire place warming me, I'm trying to read my book, but the sound of a car rolling to a stop outside my home is attracting/distracting me, I sit up when there is a knock on my front door, I slowly walk to the door and unlock it to open it, I look up and see four people on my door step, a 6 foot three man with light blond hair and brown eyes, he has tanned skin, and is all muscles the white t-shirt showing them off and the blue jeans making him look casual, next to him a woman and a man, the woman is about five foot five with dirt blond hair just passing her shoulders, she is dressed in a navy color top and black pants, her eyes a light blue looking intrigued, her arm is around the back of a six foot four man with brown hair cut into a buzz cut and his sharp blue eyes looking me over, his skin is tanned but not as much as the first guy, he is dressed in black jeans and a blue shirt, obviously ex-military.

I hear a soft gasp as I look at the fourth person, he is six foot three, he has amazing brown hair with hints of bronze as it reflects in the overhead light, he is in a white buttoned down shirt and black pants, his eyes a stormy grey. "yes, can i help you?" I question confused, who are they? "Ana?" I hear a beautiful voice say, how does he know my name? I think but then realize i must have said it out loud because he answers me "it's me Christian?" he says looking hopeful at me i look closer at him, i recognize him but i don't know where from, I gasp "Chrissie?" I try to whisper but it comes out as a whimper.

He's here in front of me, oh god, no that's not true, oh god, his eyes are shining at me in happiness "Ana?" I thought you were dead! they took me away! I tried to find you! but you were gone" he stutters. God, he's cute. I couldn't move, mesmerized by him, then

someone cleared their throat making me jump, i look at the man with the buzz cut "hello, I'm Jason Taylor, Christian CPO" he says softly as he holds out his hand, I place mine in his and shake "Ana Steele" I say looking back at christian. The woman next to buzz cut, i mean Taylor, spoke next "I'm Gail Christians friend and cook" she steps forward and shakes my hand. The blond man takes my hand next looking starstruck "I'm Luke Sawyer, I'm a really big fan" he says loudly, I jumped at the volume and take a step back away from him and clearing my throat "errâ€| okayâ€|why don't you come on in" I say and take another step back into my house and opened the door wider, in inviting them in.

\_\*\*Christian point of view\*\*\_

I walk though the doorway looking around, the walls a soft orange and baby blues and pinks, they are all bear, there are no pictures or signs, she turns and guides use into the lounge. there are two white coaches facing each other with a light brown wooded coffee table in the middle, a rocking chair is up against the back window with a soft pink and orange blanket on the chair with a book on the table next to it, the fire place in on the opposite wall facing the rocking chair, the room has peaceful and homey feeling. I sit on the coach closest to the rocking chair then the Sawyer sat by me on the other side of the two sitter couch, Gail and Taylor opposite us. Ana sits on the rocking chair facing us.

"errâ€|could I get you anythingâ€| water or orange juice?" Ana asks sounding unsure on what to do, we all shake our heads "errâ€|" Ana trails off uncomfortable, looking at me "how did you find me?" she asked "I saw you on TV and recognized you, I did a background check and found where you live" I explain looking towards her, she tensed "you what?" she said in a hard voice "Iâ€|" I trailed off unsure "you did a background check on me, kid?" she said looking at me sharply obviously pissed off, I nod wearily "how dare you?" I cut her off "how else was I going to find you?" I say getting pissed off as well, she cut me off "you weren't meant to" she snapped at me "why not?" I ask feeling hurt, she didn't want to see me. "because I got you out of there for a reason" she says and I gasp "what do you mean? Ella over dosed on drugs and someone called the police" I said confused "are we going to back over the past now Chrissie?" she says looking annoyed "you open the subject" I snap as she shakes her head at me "so much like your mother Christian" she sighs and I froze "don't compare me to her" I say icily but she just laughs "fine, what do you want to know?" she says looking into my eyes "everything" I say determine for answers, she leans back and looks pointedly at me "remember you said that" her voice icy

"I used to live in the other apartment across from yours before you was born but when Ella fell pregnant with you my mamma decided that we would move to Ella's so that they could get there job done quicker and I could look after you, when you was born I hated that you was" I went to interrupt but she held up her hand so I close my mouth "you said you wanted to hear so you shut up and listen" she snaps at me "I didn't what you to be born into the life I had, I was so thankful you was a boy, I thought that they couldn't do the things they did to me because you was a boy, I looked after you while they worked and got high but as you turned one years old, rob started to notice you, see what you mean to me, they couldn't hurt me as long as they didn't hurt you, all I cared about was that you would be okay, he started hurting you if I didn't do something that he wanted, Iâ€|" she

trailed off looking away from me she cleaned her throat "errâ€| Iâ€| I didn't understand, all i knew was that what he wanted hurt me and I didn't want that but Iâ€| I never knew what he wantedâ€|I was only 4 I didn't understand and then he stated hurting you if I scream or hindâ€| I tried to protect you butâ€|" she stopped and wiped a tear that rolled down her face softly she takes a breath and cracks her fingers still not looking at me then she snapped the rubber band on her wrist, the bruising around the band shows that she did it often she sighs and starts again.

"I would take your beating, i would I lay on top of you trying to protect you but if I was too badly beaten orâ€|errâ€|or if i was still tied up I couldn't protect you and he would use the punishment that hurt me the mostâ€| the cigaretteâ€|I taken as many as I could but I would pass out because of the pain and you were left unprotectedâ€|errâ€| when you were 4 I knewâ€| I knew I had to get you out of thereâ€| so I waited one night when Ella was high and my mother was outâ€| I sold Robs phone and called the police, I waited until they came but they never did and I left to go outside, I thought that there would be more signal out there and I tried again this time it work because I heard the police but as I went to go back to you Rob found meâ€| heâ€|errâ€|found his phone in my hands and he knew what I had done so he grabbed me as the police turned up and made me watch as you was taken with them and then heâ€|errâ€| he take me with him to replace your mother and mineâ€| heâ€|" she trails off and looks at me, I didn't realize I was cry until then as she came over to me and bend down to her knees and brushed them away "I'm so sorry that I couldn't do more Chrissie I triedâ€| please down cry" she begs asking for forgiveness with her eyes.

**\*\*This was a bit graphic but i had to show what happen. review  
;)\*\***

### 3. explain

**\*\*Please excuse the bad grammar and spelling, I'm dyslexic and find it hard to spell. please review\*\* \*\*;)\*\***

**\_\*\*Christian point of view\*\*\_**

God, the look in her eyes are begging for forgiveness, I brought my hand up to touch her face, she flinched away then moved in slowly and my hand touches her face and she squeezes her eyes shut looking in pain "I'm so sorry" she says opening her eyes again and moving back away from me "I forgive you" I whisper but she shakes her head at me so I griped her face "I. FORGIVE. YOU" I say slowly, she looks in so much pain as she shakes her head "you shouldn't kid" she says softly, looking away as she gets you looking in unbearable pain.

"what did you mean by replacing Ella and your mom?" Gail asks, tears rolling down her face. Ana and I jump at the noise, I forgot they are there and by the looks of it so did Ana "SHIT" she exclaimed looking towards Gail "sorry forgot you are there" Ana says as she blushes then walks to the rocking chair and sits facing Gail "errâ€| I was used for their pleasureâ€| repaying our mamma debt they saidâ€| I don't know" she whispers as she shakes her head "how did you get out?" Taylor asks sounding emotional "I did what I could, I did certainâ€| thingsâ€|to get out, in the end I got enough money to buy a gunâ€|errâ€|I frighten the other pimps and told them to get me any

evidence of what he was doing to the other girls and handed in any evidence the pimps had collected, he was arrested then killed in prisonâ€| the others they are too scared to do anything to me so at 16 years old I ran from Detroit and made it hereâ€| I lived in some homeless shelters and started doing work for mechanics and then I build my carâ€| I would do street races to get money and I brought this place then I started to do famous races and I got known for it" Ana said looking at him, Taylor looked impressed.

Ana looked at me "what happen after they took you away?" Ana asks, sounding scared for me, I smile at her "I went to the hospital and met my mom, Grace, she adopted me, she was my doctor when i was taken in, I have a older brother called Elliot and a younger sister called Mia and my dad is Carrick" I say smiling at the mention of them "are they nice? they don't hurt you?" she asks softly like she is scared of the answer, I shake my head "no, my mom is really nice and my dad is great, my sister is bubbly and fun and fun and Elliot is the best big brother i could ever ask for" I say and she smiles closing her eyes "that's nice" she sounds dreamy "you wasn't hurt no more right, I did the right thing?" she asks, when I pause her eyes shoot open locking on to mine "what? who hurt you? Where are they? You're okay now right?" she asks looking upset at the mention of me hurt "no I'm okay, err when I was 15 years old, I was a mess, drinking and fighting, my mom thought the best thing was to send me too her friend's house to clear the rubble in the back garden as they was building a new pool and Elena seduced me and we went into a BDSM relationship until I was 20 then I became a Dom. I hired submissive until a year ago" I say feeling ashamed for my past, Ana looks discussed "how old was Elena?" Ana asks spitting out the name "early 30's" I say. Ana jumps out of her sit and yells at me "what you were 15 that is rape and you did this to other little girls?" she screams at me, I jump to defend myself "NO, all my submissive were consensual and over the consensual age" I say and she deflates into her sit, breath out "thank god" then looks at me "they could stop the act at any point, correct?" I nod "okay, good" she breaths "where is Elena now?" she sounds deadly "around, trying to get in contact with me" I say, she shakes her head looking sad.

Ana snaps the band on her wrist, the sound bounding off the walls, I looked at it "why do you have that?" Ana looks at me then to her wrist all bruised "it keeps my memories away" she says looking back up at me then to Sawyer who hissed "that looks painful" he says looking at it then up her arms at her scars "that's just my arms, I've had worst" she says like its nothing, which I suppose it isn't to her, she smiles and gets up "I have to get dinner on, you staying? I don't get company a lot" I look at Gail then Sawyer then to Taylor as they nod so I do as well, Ana smiles looking happy and goes into the kitchen.

As we all finish the mac and cheese that Ana made, she says "still to your liking kid?" I laugh and she smiles then frowns "what's your last name now then, if you were adopted?" she asks questionably "Grey" she smiles "so fitting" then laughs. We all go and sit in the lounge again just talking about nothing important. then ana jumps up "I'm going to get something, give me a minute" and then goes up stairs. i sigh look at everyone "she's changed" I say and they nod understanding "well she was only what seven, maybe eight when you last seen her" Gail says I nod and then Gail looks sad "her scars, she has so many" she sounds emotional. "she took my beating and punishment, you heard her, until she passed out from the pain and

then everything that happen after thatâ€¦" I trailed off as Ana came back down with a small wooden box.

She sits down by me and opens the box "I kept everything that I could" she sighs digging in the box until she got a photo then she closed the lid and put it on the coffee table. she gives me the picture, I look down at it and gasps, it is a photo of me and Ana in the apartment looking dirty. I was about 4 and I'm in dirty clothes and holding a blanket to my chest, next to me it's a 7 years old Ana with dirty red hair and bruise all over her, her face blue, purple and swollen, her arms too skinny and all bruise, she has on a ripped yellow stained dress and she is holding her side as if her ribs are broken "oh god" I say looking at her, she smiles at me "it's the only photo I have of my childhood, when I would lay awake at night if I was too scared to sleep, I would look at it and it give me hope that you were warm and loved and that I did something right" she says looking up at me "I did didn't I? I did something right?" she asks sounding hopeful "yes Ana you saved me" I say and nod at her, she smiles showing a dipole.

\*\*review please ;) \*\*

#### 4. the box

\*\*Please excuse the bad grammar and spelling, I'm dyslexic and find it hard to spell. please review\*\* \*\*;)\*\*

\_\*\*Taylor point of view\*\*\_

Ana comes back down the stairs with a small wooden box. She sits by Christian and look up at me and smiles, she looks so innocent like that but her eyes show darkness, regrets and painâ€¦ so much pain reflects back in her green eyes, telling tales of horrors that no-one deserves. She opens the old box and smiles "I kept everything that I could" she say softly looking at Christian then looks back down at the box, she starts digging in it. she brings a small picture out smiling at it looking hopeful and gives it to Christian he looks down at it and gasps looking at it then looks back at Ana, she is smiling softly at it like it is precious to her then looks back at Christian "oh god" he says, she smiles "it's the only photo I have of my childhood, when I would lay awake at night if I was too scared to sleep, I would look at it and it give me hope that you were warm and loved and that I did something right" she says looking up at him "I did didn't I? I did something right?" she asks looking hopeful and christian nods to her "yes Ana you saved me" he says looking at her so loving as she smiles showing a dipole. Then looks up at me, I look at her questionably about the photo she smiles softly as Christian passes it to me like his heart just broke. I look down at it and feel sick, there she is at 7 years old looking like she is in hell, and a small Christian next to her with not even a bruise on him, god she did protect him and you can see it, what would he look like if she didn't.

I pass it along and hear Gail gasp and stand up goimg to hug Ana like the mother bear she is, Ana jumps of the couch trying to get away from the hug, looking scared and she starts to shake a bit, she snaps the band and then does it again, Gail stands there with her arms open shocked still "I'm sâ€¦sorry I don'tâ€¦ don't like to beâ€¦be touchedâ€¦I'm sorry" Ana says softly like she is scared how Gail will

react "it's okay dear, I understand" Gail says looking so sad, I hear a soft "I'm sorry" from Ana but it sounds like a whimper. I see Christian stand up and Ana jumps back away from us looking like a deer in headlights "hey it's okay Ana, what else is in the box?" Christian asks trying to take her mind off it. She looks at him as he softly sits down and so goes Gail, she stands there for a minute then sits back down slowly on the corner of the couch looking ready to run at any minute then she blinks as if trying to remember something then she reaches for the box "errâ€| not a lot just somethings that I could get, you know?" she asks blushing "like what?" I ask trying to calm her down a bit "errâ€| just some things to remember placesâ€|errâ€| some evidence of myâ€|errâ€| beatings in case the police needed itâ€|err a picture of my mammaâ€| a book I used to learn how to readâ€|err myâ€|my dairiesâ€|" she tails off and looks back into the box then clutches it to her chest like someone was going to take it off her. "you kept all that?" Sawyer asks, she nods at him and relaxed a bit.

she looks at the clock on the wall and i follow her gaze seeing that it was 10pm "errâ€|its getting lateâ€|do you guys want to say the nightâ€|I have 3 guest rooms so two off you will have to sleep in the same room or down here on the coachâ€| I think I have some clothes that may fit you allâ€| errâ€|I have nightmares but I have pills that normally stop themâ€|you can if you wantâ€|I don't get a lot of companyâ€|" she tails of looking embarrassed that she rambled "sure why not? Gail and Taylor are together so they can sleep in the same room" Christian says making Ana look at us, as she meets my eyes she blushes looking away "I didn't knowâ€|" she stands "I will go and find something for you all" and then turns and walks up the stairs.

"she is so cute, so innocentâ€|" sawyer tails of looking at Christian, he looks like he what's to murder him "hey I'm just saying" he defends himself. "why does she keep repeating that she doesn't get a lot of company?" Gail asks "she has no family and by the sounds of it no friends, she properly doesn't realize she says itâ€|she is so uncomfortable around people" I say musing out loud and everyone nods in agreement.

About 10 minutes later Ana comes back down stairs holding some clothes "errâ€| I have shorts and topsâ€|if you give me your clothes I can wash them for tomorrow orâ€|not I guess" she trails of looking uncomfortable and she blushes "okay" we all say and Ana hands out the pj's to us and shows us to the quest rooms "errâ€| my room is just at the end of the corridor if you need meâ€|no I meanâ€|err" she says looking really uncomfortable and unsure of what to do "where do you what our clothes?" Gail asks looking at Ana softly, Ana sighs "errâ€|Iâ€| I will be down stairs so there I guessâ€|hmmâ€|I've never done this beforeâ€|I'm sorry" she says running a hand through her hair and tugging on the ends "errâ€|I'm going to be down stairsâ€| if you have a questionâ€| feel free to use the shower and there are extra tooth brushes in the draw below the sinkâ€|am I missing something?" she asks us "I don't think so" I say and she nods, turns and walks down the stairs.

We all meet in the corridor, the boys wearing shorts and white t-shirts and Gail has some PJ shorts and a t-shirt both in soft pink. As we walk down the stairs I start to hear soft music, something about finding love, and I hear Ana humming to it, as we turn the corner the only light is the fire and Ana is curled up on the rocking



chair with the blanket over her legs, reading a book, with her fingers tapping on her mouth, she hasn't seen us yet. She looks so small and innocent like that, it brings tears to my eyes, she chuckles softly like a little girl still looking at the book, as we move in the room. She looks up at us and sits up straight "did I forget something?" she asks softly looking confused "no we thought we would keep you company" Gail says smiling at Ana softly "errâ€|okayâ€| I was just readingâ€|err can I get you anythingâ€|a cup of teaâ€|anything to eatâ€|err blankets?" she asks standing up "blankets that's what they need" she says softly walking towards us and the door, talking to herself. Christian steps towards her "Ana, calm down a bit okay? We just wanted to hang out a bit with you so stop worrying" he says softly making her look up at him "I guessâ€|" she says uncomfortable again "go back to doing what you were doing before okay?" he says calmly to her she looks unsure but then nods "errâ€|I'm just reading, I can do it in my room if you want, I don't mind?" Ana says looking at us uncomfortable, we shake our heads "stay here and read like you was before" Christian say and she nods and goes back to the rocking chair and sits like before, we all sit down and talk. We all go to bed one by one, Ana is the last one to go and she didn't even look tried.

**\*\*Next chapter will be graphic. review ;)\*\***

## 5. her hopes and nightmares

**\*\*I'm sorry if this is too graphic, I wanted to show the affect that the past has on Ana also a bit of girl bonding time. don't read if you are sensitive to abuse!\*\***

**\*\*Please excuse the bad grammar and spelling, I'm dyslexic and find it hard to spell. please review\*\* \*\*;)\*\***

**\_\*\*Christian point of view\*\*\_**

I awake with a jolt, a scream echoing around the house, it must be Ana. I get out of bed and see everyone getting out of their rooms as well "its Ana" I say walking towards her room as I put my hand on the handle I hear another blood curling scream but this time I can make out what she is screaming "stop! it hurts, NO, please stop, no more, god, stop please it hurts, mamma, it hurts, I'm sorry please stop!" she begs. I pull the handle down but the door is locked from the inside, I step back and kick it with all my strength and it opens with a bang. There she is twisting and turning begging in her sleep, tears rolling down her face and the sobs echoing in the room that has all the lights on "stop, no more, stop I'm sorry, so sorry please I'm sorry, mamma" she sobs, begging for her mom that will never come. The look of her in so much pain brings tears in my eyes and my heart breaks, I walk towards her "Ana, shush, wake up" I say softly but the screaming, begging, and sobs don't stop and I want to sob with her for her pain "please, please, I did what you said, stop, please no more it hurts" she screams, kicking at the sheet looking so scared "no not him, stop, please not him, Christian!" she screams so loud that I jump. I sit down on the bed "Anastasia!" I scream as loud as I can. She jumps awake screaming and shaking so bad that I can feel the bed moving with it.

"heyâ€|shh its okay Ana shh" I say softly as she looks all around the room panting, trying to catch her breath, she looks at me with so

much pain in her eyes, like she is begging for forgiveness "Iâ€¦I'm sâ€¦sorry" she stutters her voice soft, pleading for forgiveness "Iâ€¦Iâ€¦ I didn't meâ€¦mean to wâ€¦wake you upâ€¦Iâ€¦I took my piâ€¦pillsâ€¦they normâ€¦normally workâ€¦sâ€¦sorry" she says trying to speak but the shaking off her body is clattering her teeth together making it hard to get the works out. "hey calm down, it's okay" I say trying to calm her, she is close to a panic attack "I tryâ€¦triedâ€¦to stop theâ€¦them" she says trying to convince us that she did "Ana, you need to calm down, your very close to a panic attack, okay baby?" I say, she looks at me "I forgive you okay, you saved me, now you need to calm down baby" I say softly grabbing her hand in mine, she is squeezing it hard trying to calm herself "there you go baby, nearly there" I say softly as she calms down slowly but the shaking doesn't stop "you okay?" I ask her she nods slowly looking at our hands hers white with the strength she is using to hold on "sorry" she says slowly then she looks behind me and freezes "you broke my door" she says and I hear everyone laugh.

She lets go of my hand and tries to stand but her legs are shaking too much and she falls back on the bed "hey where you going?" I ask softly "I can't be sitting in one place after a nightmareâ€¦I get panic attacks if I do" she says softly trying again to get up "why?" I ask watching her struggle to stand on shaking legs "I'm normally restricted or held down to one place in my nightmareâ€¦it to close to the nightmare if I'm not moving" she says. Then it clicks "that's why you nearly had a panic attack because I was blocking you getting up" I say and she nods and I get up "you what to go down stairs for a bit?" I ask but she shakes her head "you can go back to sleepâ€¦ I'm sorry I woke up guys up" she says but Gail speaks up "I could use a cup of teaâ€¦join me?" she asks softly and I look back at Ana to see that she is unsure "well were going back to bed" I say point at the guys, knowing that she is uncomfortable with lots of people. Ana nods at Gail and the start down the stairs.

\*\*Gail point of view\*\*

Seeing Ana's nightmare broke my heart, she is still shaking as she makes the tea. As she goes to pick up the kettle her hands are shaking so much that she can't get any water into the mugs. I stand up "let me" I take the kettle out of her hands and fill the mugs and I hear her sigh "I'm sorry, the shakes should go soon" she says looking at the mugs "sugar, milk?" she asks and I nod to both and take my cup to sit down at the breakfast bar and she follows "how come you're still shaking?" I ask and she looks up at me looking so sad "I don't knowâ€¦adrenaline I think" she says softly looking embarrassed and looks back down at her mug "why are you so uncomfortable around people?" I ask and she looks up "Iâ€¦I'm not used to itâ€¦ I guessâ€¦ anyone that came close before left me or hurt meâ€¦ I'm not used toâ€¦this" she says trying to find the right words and I nod, she sighs again sounding so much in pain that it broke my heart a little bit more for her, she snapped the band on her wrist and winced in pain then rub it, "why do you do that, it looks so painful?" she looks at me and then back at her wrist "it works sometimes" she whisperers "you do it a lot then?" I ask nodding to her bruise wrist and she looks at me and shoves a hand through her hair toughing at the ends "the pain helps me to forgetâ€¦just until the sting fadesâ€¦ but that second of a break is niceâ€¦" she tails off looking away from me.

"the other scarsâ€¦ what are they from?" I ask her she stills her

eyes shooting to mine then she shifts uncomfortable "lots of thingsâ€|belts, canes, drugs, knives, rocks, fingernailsâ€|" she trails of snapping the band "fingernails?" I ask seeing the crescent moon scars "when they would hold me down andâ€|" she stops looking like she has just told me something she wasn't meant to "rape you" I finished for her as she looks away and nods once letting me know I got it right.

## 6. breakfast

Everybody had shades

## Chapter 6

Ana point of view

As I see the sun rising in the sky, bringing red and orange light in through the windows of my lounge, I look at the clock: five-thirty o'clock, I'm sitting in my rocking chair with my blanket over my legs to keep warm, reading Romeo and Juliet or at least trying to. I couldn't sleep after my nightmare, I never can but I already knew that before I went to sleep last night, talking about it to Chrissie brought it all back to me, I snap the elastic band on my wrist wincing at the sharp pain, I look down at it seeing the bruises around my wrist, I sigh.

I see something in the corner of my eye and look up from my book, Christian is standing in the archway to my lounge smiling at me "hey, what you reading?" he asks softly, I love his voice; so soft and musicalâ€| I stop that train of thought worried about where it will go "I'm trying to learn to read Romeo and Juliet" I answer as he walks towards me "do you get stuck on some words?" he asks with no judgement in his eyes "yeah, I'm not very good at reading or writing" I say embarrassed about my lack of education "that's understandable" he says sitting on the floor next to my rocking chair looking up at me "did you ever get any education?" he asks I shake my head at him going back to my book. I lean my hand down and run it softly through his hair feeling the silkiness of it in between my fingers and I hear him sigh in contentment, leaning into my hand, I don't take my eyes off the book as I repeat the action. "didn't you go back to sleep earlier?" Christian asks closing his eyes as I brush his hair "no, I never can" I say just enjoying his company, I feel him nod and I look at him "do you have nightmares?" I ask he looks up at me "yeah, sometimes. I normally play the piano after work" he explains I hum in understanding, but then the thought occurred to me "what do you do for a living?" he looks up to me "I have my own business, Grey Enterprise Holdings, I'm the CEO" his answers making me gasp "really? Wow" I say "what is your business about?" I ask intrigued feeling so proud of him but knowing I have no right to. "I buy and sell companies" he says making me confused "is that it, you can make a living on that? How is that possible?" I ask feeling stupid and then he explains to me all about his business and what he does.

At seven o'clock I hear the others getting up and taking showers "I'm going to go for a shower" Christian says standing up looking at me "okay" I say as he turns and walks up stairs. I sigh and get up to make breakfast. As I'm just finishing of the breakfast, Taylor and Gail come into the kitchen, I look at them smiling "good morning, coffee?" I ask, they both nod at me and I start making it for them

"how did you sleep?" I ask them, "good, the bed is so comfortable" Gail says and I laugh "good" I say tipping the water into the mugs "milk? Sugar?" I ask, Gail nods "just milk please in both" she answers. "how did you sleep?" Taylor asks me and I look at him "I can't after a nightmare I just came down here and read a bit" I answer placing their mugs in front of them as Christian comes into the kitchen his hair still damp from the shower "hey, I smell food" he says in greeting sitting down on a bar stool I laugh placing a cup of coffee down in front of him "hey" I say back to him "where's sawyer?" I ask "here" I hear sawyer say as he comes into the kitchen "morning" he says sitting down as well as I place the breakfast up "bacon, egg, and sausage okay for breakfast?" I ask them "hmm" a woman after my heart" Christian says making me blush and look away, he laughs.

"what you doing today Ana?" Christian ask me as we eat I look at him, finishing of the piece of egg I just put in my mouth "hmm" nothing really, I just got to do some things on my motorbike" I answer he nods "would you like to come to dinner at my parents? they would love to meet you" he asks looking hopeful at me "err" I stutter "I don't think that your parents would what to meet me Chrissie" I say getting nervous just thinking about it "sure they would, my mom is always going on that she would love to meet you one day" he says and I pause, I fork full of egg in mid-air "they know about me?" I ask putting the fork down "of course they do, everybody in my family does" I never forgot about you Ana" he says looking so sad and at the moment I would do anything to make him smile "I suppose I could" I stutter, he smiles so big that I'm almost happy that I agreed "how about this, I call my parents and we can all have dinner at mine" he says and I just nod losing my appetite.

As I get dress to go to Christians, I start to imagine what it will be like, what if his family doesn't like me or the part of the past that I represent but then I started to think about how Christian will react if it turns out well, him smiling, his soft looking lips curving into a big smile but then I stop myself. Soft looking lips? Where did that come from? Oh god I can't like Christian that way, never! I take a deep breath and try to calm down, I can do this.

As I follow the Christians car on my bike I try to calm down. As we go into an underground parking lot I see that he parked in the penthouse parking spaces, he lives in the penthouse? I park next to him turning the engine off, I see everyone get out of the car so I take my hamlet of letting my hair cascade down my back and swing my leg of the bike turning to everyone "this is where you live? In the penthouse?" I ask and he nods "wow" I breath as we step towards the elevator and get in. as the doors open I gasp; this place is huge "you live here?" I ask looking around, I see him nod and I shake my head "this is incredible" I say as we walk into the kitchen "Sunday dinner okay?" Gail asks Christian and he nods "sure" he says and he takes my hand, a spark runs though me at the touch and I look up at him, what was that? "Come on, we have about an hour before everyone arrives, let me give you a tour" he say guiding me around the apartment.

## 7. Chapter 7 the parents

## Ana point of view

Sitting at the breakfast bar while Gail cooks dinner, I keep asking if she needs help but she keeps refusing. I feel so out of place, obviously Christian has lots of money, I don't know him anymore; here I am waiting to meet the parents of someone I don't know any more than a stranger. Why am I here? I look up when I feel Christian put his hands over mine, he is looking at me with such kindness that I feel my own smile break out on my face, reflecting his. "don't be so nervous, it's just meeting the parents of an old friend" he says, that didn't help at all! "I hardly know you any more, what will your parents think? What if I bring something up that they don't want to be reminded of?" I ask but he just shakes his head "they want to know you, and we have all the time in the world for us to know each other again" he sounds so reassuring that I start to calm down a bit "I guess" I trail off as I hear the ping of the elevator. Christian stands up pulling me up with him by my hands as Taylor walks in "your parents and siblings are here sir" he says and Christian nods to him as he walks back out, as the elevator doors open.

Four people step out in expressive looking clothes, a woman in mid forties wearing grey pants and a white silk top, her blond hair in a ponytail holds the hand of a tall man in a black suit with brown hair. Behind the couple are a young male and female; the female, mia I guess, has black hair cut into a bob surrounding her face making her brown eyes stand out, she is wearing a knee length skirt with a black v-cut top. The tall man next to her is wearing blue jeans and a white top, his hair messy like Christians, this must be Elliot. "Christian, darling" the woman says as she walks to him "hello mother" he says kissing her cheek. This must be grace. "son" the man addresses him nodding as Christian nods back. "yo, little bro" Elliot shouts causing me to jump at the loudness "no need to shout Elliot, I can hear you" Christian says. He pulls me forward by my hand that he still has in his grip "everyone, I would like you to meet Anastasia Steele" Christian says turning everyone's attention to me, I feel the blood rush to my cheeks. "oh dear" grace says bring her hands to her mouth, she shakes her head and steps forward to me dropping her hand from her mouth "you're his angel" she says looking towards Christian as he nods, I frowned in question "he used to call you 'Ana angel' when he was younger" grace explained as she walked towards me opening her arms for a hug, I shove my hand out in greeting, she looked at me as understanding past thought her eyes, she takes my hand "hi" I say unsure of what I should say as she lets go of my hand. "hello dear, I'm grace, Christian's mom" she says as she steps back. Mia steps forward "oh my god, your Ana. How long ago did you meet again? Are you too together? When's the wedding?" she asks but I cut her off "no, we aren't together and he found me yesterday" I explain blushing at thought of me and Christian together. "calm down mia, your sacred her away" Elliot says laughing at her as she pouts "hey Ana I'm Elliot the better looking one" I laugh "hey Elliot" he smiles back like a kid in a candy store. "I'm Carrick Christian's father, nice to meet you" Carrick says shaking my hand "you to sir" I say back to him not liking the way his eyes scrutinise me. "shall we take this into the dining room" Christian says letting go of my hand, I suddenly miss the contact of his hand on mine.

Gail places the plates in front of us all, Christian sitting at the head of the table, me on his right and mia on his left. Grace and Carrick sitting by mia and Elliot on my left, we all dig in. "so Ana

what do you do?" Carrick asks looking towards me, I tress at the attention "I am a mechanic and I race" I say stabbing a carrot he nods looking satisfied "did you know Christians birth mother?" mia asks I look towards her by I see Christian still out the corner of my eye "yeah, Ella and my mom were great friends, kinder like my auntie" I say she nods "great auntie she was" Elliot says sarcastically I look towards him and shake my head "compare to my mamma, she was great" I say looking back at everyone as they all freeze and look at me but Christian that nods agreeing with me "she was?" grace asks and I nod "Ella never hurt Christian, no I mean that she never physically hurt him were as Carla, my momma did and she would allow others to so that she got extra money, Ella did hurt him just didn't realise that she was" I say still eating. Grace has tears in her eyes looking so heartbroken "how did you two meet?" she asks pointing between Christian and me. I look at Christian smiling "me and Carla moved to Ella's because they wanted someone to look after baby Christian while they worked and got high" I explain "how old were you?" mia asks "three" I answer her and I hear grace gasp "you, at three years old looked after a baby?" how?" I shrug "didn't have a choice?" I feed him, changed him, protected him" I explain as I finish my dinner leaning back in my sit "you remember this?" Carrick asks "photographic memory" I say he shakes his head not believing me "say a sequences of numbers or words and I will show you" I say looking towards him "okay  
errâ€|7897655467745890172839464893937464939303838393873648936396389836  
7389736789387673894865434789975343578090754346775657856853568964689978  
865433543234543564465" he say and I shrug  
"789765546774589017283946489393746493930383839387364893639638983673897  
3678938767389486543478997534357809075434677565785685356896468997886543  
3543234543564465" I repeat perfectly and everyone mouths drop "that  
is amazing" mia squeals, I laugh.

As we sit in the lounge after desert, I ask them about them self's and what Christian was like when he was growing up. Laughing and jokes carried on the night in till grace asked me the question that I didn't want to answer " how did you get out and where did you go?" I still, the room suddenly goes quiet. I sigh "I was taken by one of the pimps in till I was 16, then I got evidence and had him arrested then I ran here and lived in different homeless shelters and got a job, I brought my first ever car and started doing street races to get money then brought my home" I explained leaving as much detail out as possible; they nod understanding. At 10 0'clock I stand up looking at Christian "I better go, nice meeting you'll" I say grabbing my bag "can't you stay tonight?" Christian asks pleadingly I shake my head "I can't" I say. He stands grabbing my hand making shocks run up my hand "why not?" I shake my head trying to focus "I have my new dog tomorrow, a husky, and then I have to work on my car because I have a race tomorrow night" I say "when will I see you again?" he asks not letting go of my hand "you all can come to the race if you want" I say putting on my leather jacket, christens hand making it impossible to complete. He looks at everyone they all nod, Elliot shouting "yeah" pumping his fist into the air, I laugh "okay don't hurt yourself big boy" making everyone laugh then I hear sawyer shouting "I'm coming" with laughter from Gail and Taylor from the other room "okay I will meet you all at the race tomorrow then, 7pm sharp" I say letting go of Christian's hand and put my arm through the jacket "okay, tomorrow" Christian says "bye Chrissie" I shout over my shoulder as I press the button to the elevator and walk inside.

End  
file.